

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CXXXVIII—No. 13.

NEWPORT, R. I., SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

WHOLE NUMBER 7,822

The Newport Mercury,

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,
182 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a daily paper, except on Sundays and public holidays, and is published at the rate of five cents per copy in advance, and on delivery, six cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. The paper is published for the advertiser by the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

NEWPORT COUNCIL No. 31, Order United American Mechanics, Albert C. Chubb, President; James E. Mathewson, Recording Secretary; meets every Monday evening. EXETER LODGE No. 45, I. O. of O. F., Wm. H. Boone, Noble Grand; Perry B. Dawley, Secretary; meets every Tuesday evening. MALDEN LODGE No. 81, N. E. O. F., Wm. A. Peckham, Warden; James H. Goldard, Secretary; meets last and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month. THE NEWPORT RECREATIONAL SOCIETY, President, Alexander McCallan, Secretary; meets 1st and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month. GOSWOLD LODGE No. 1, A. O. U. W., Edwin H. Finley, Master Workman; Geo. A. Pritchard, Recorder; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings. FRANKLIN LODGE No. 33, K. of H. H. Chubb, Master; John Melville; Recorder, C. H. Dineen; meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings. HADWOD LODGE No. 11, K. of P., John H. Mustard, Chancellor; Commander, Daniel P. Bull, Recorder; meets last Friday evening in each month. OATIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain, A. B. Davis; Charles H. Kohnke, Jr., Recorder; meets last Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

A New Car Fender.

Mr. Ira N. Stanley, of Brooklyn, who, as has been his custom for many years, is spending his summer in Newport, has invented a new fender for trolleys, a model of which may be seen at the upholstery rooms of Mr. George Nason on Mill street. It is not only a fender, but a wheel guard as well, and in its unique yet simple arrangement promises, wherever adopted, to put a stop to those horrible fatalities so startlingly frequent in the larger cities, where street cars are run by the trolley system. One of the important improvements which this fender has over all others is that it is attached to the truck only, and, being absolutely independent of the car proper, therefore entirely free from all oscillation from the car when it is in motion. Thus, the fender may be run as low as within four inches of the track, which would make it impossible for a person struck by it, whether child or adult, to get under the car. The fender proper is so constructed, too, as to reduce to a minimum the liability of injury to the person struck. Its front guard, which is of about 14 inch pipe, is covered with rubber to a diameter of three inches, and each end of this guard is connected with a two-inch piston, with spring and air cushion, which is attached to a strongly braced wrought-iron frame extending from the truck under the car. This fender can be adjusted at any distance from the track desired, above four inches, and at whatever point it is set it will remain firm and safe, being, as stated above, free from all oscillation of the car.

When in use, the fender may be folded up close to the dash board of the car, where it is entirely out of the way, not even interfering with the coupling of a tow car. A car properly equipped with this invention, will have a fender at each end, thus avoiding the delay of changing.

The whole apparatus, though light in weight, is of ample strength to do all that is claimed for it. It is easily attached to any car, and so simple in construction that any person with sufficient intelligence to turn a crank can adjust it at any height desired, or fold it up out of the way, in less than a minute's time.

The drawings and model have been examined by many prominent railroad men and others, and all have pronounced the invention to be one of the highest merit. The president of the street car company in Brooklyn, where so many fatal accidents have occurred since the introduction of the trolley system, was so pleased with it that he has placed one of his cars at Mr. Stanley's disposal, and the new fender will be given a thorough test in that city as soon as one can be constructed. Mr. Stanley, the inventor, was formerly superintendent of the Newport Gas Company, removed from here to Brooklyn to fill a similar position in that city where he has since lived and where the large number of street car accidents suggested the fender here described.

Bicycle Parade and Races.

The bicycle parade and races this afternoon promise to be well worth witnessing. The Newport Artillery squad will make their appearance in the former and a number of visiting wheelmen are expected to participate. The parade will form at 1 p. m. on Bellevue avenue, near Huggles avenue and will proceed up Bellevue avenue, Kay street, Rhode Island avenue, Broadway, Washington square, Thames street, Narragansett and Bellevue avenues to Touro Park where the line will be dismissed. It is expected that the parade will occupy about an hour and the races will take place immediately upon its conclusion. The one and two-mile races will be started down Bellevue avenue and finish at the Ocean House, and the five and ten-mile races will start and finish at that hotel. While the 10-mile race is in progress, Prof. Johnson will give an exhibition of trick and fancy riding in front of the Ocean House. The judges will occupy the grand stand in front of the Ocean House and will be His Honor Mayor Boyle, Congressman Bull, Col. D. K. Young, Messrs. O. H. P. Belmont, D. S. Fearing, Warren Leland, Jr., J. B. Townsend, Herman Oelrichs, E. J. Barwood, J. J. VanAllen, F. P. Garrison and Elisha Dyer, Jr. Mr. Harry Bull, Jr., will be the timekeeper and Mr. Frank Vase handicapper. Two prizes are: For the best club in line, the handsome silver cup offered by Mr. Leland of the Ocean House; for the most original design, a \$100 bicycle, offered by Mr. J. B. Townsend; for the most grotesque feature on one or more wheels, a silver cup; for the best fancy costume, a \$50 diamond; for the best male and female riders, gold medals; for the best machine with two or more seats, two diamonds valued at \$80.

We are Proud of Them

The bicycle squad of the Newport Artillery Co. returned from their trip to Boston last Sunday night, tired but happy in having won the first and best prize offered by the Boston Herald in its grand cycle parade last Saturday. The boys camped at Ponkapog Grove Friday night and on Saturday night after the parade, tents were pitched at Franklin Park. Considering the facts that all the wheels were new, as well as many of the riders, the squad was very fortunate in suffering nothing more serious than a few punctures, which necessitated their return by train and boat. The most serious happening was that to the wheel of Corporal Austin, just across the Newport line, which necessitated his returning for another wheel. He took the 10:40 train Friday morning and soon overtook the squad. Dinner was eaten on Sunday at Crescent Park and the afternoon boat from Providence brought them home. The prize, a large trophy, was offered to the military company making the best appearance and that it was won by the Company which always reflects great credit to Newport wherever it goes should be an extreme satisfaction to our citizens. In speaking of their appearance the Boston Herald said: "The general impression on Saturday was that the Newport Artillerymen mounted on their red Warwicks made a most distinguished party of soldiers. They certainly cut a large figure in the military division. They rode like veterans, and every platoon was as straight as an arrow, wheels being aligned and the other. Their equipment, also, was of the highest order. Their shatter tests made an effective contrast to their dark uniforms of blue, relieved by red trimmings. These men deserve all the praise that was given them. They came up over the roads, and returned the same way, thereby securing valuable campaign experience."

Mr. Nathan G. Kenyon, who died on Saturday last week, had been critically ill for some time. He was for many years a gardener for Miss Ellen Mason and was a most faithful workman. He was one of the founders and a most active member of the Thames street M. E. church until he severed his connection with that church to assist in laying the foundation of the First M. E. church. His funeral was solemnized Tuesday morning.

Mr. James R. Barney, Jr., has been confined to the house this week. As he was passing the new Morgan-Newton building on Thames street Tuesday a falling brick struck his head inflicting a wound which necessitated several stitches by the surgeon. He was wearing a stiff hat at the time or the injury might have proven more serious.

Mr. Charles S. Pecker of this city and Miss Harriet P., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Jordan of Auburn, Me., were married at the residence of the bride's parents on Tuesday. After a wedding tour, which will include the White Mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Pecker will reside at 14 Bliss road in this city.

Lieutenant Commander Clifford West, U. S. N., who is attending the course of lectures at the War College at Coates's Harbor Island was a cadet at the Naval Academy, which was located at the old Atlantic House on Pelham street during the late Civil War. This is his first visit to Newport since that time.

CITY COUNCIL.

The September meeting of the City Council was held Tuesday evening. His Honor, Mayor Boyle, presided over the Board of Aldermen and Mr. President Carr over the Common Council, and there was but one absentee, Councilman Sullivan. The report of the committee on Finance was read and received and upon its recommendation the following bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations:

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| City Assessor | \$125.00 |
| Police Department | 222.15 |
| Watch and Police | 107.50 |
| Fire Department | 526.97 |
| Public Schools | 529.95 |
| Board of Health | 55.33 |
| Streets and Highways | 1,575.55 |
| Sewers | 84.92 |
| Watering Streets | 3,000.00 |
| Fifth ward schoolhouse | 2,000.00 |
| Removal of refuse | 62.00 |
| Water supply | 745.00 |
| Fourth of July | 3.00 |
| Burial ground fund | 62.00 |
| Tools, harness, and sundries | 55.15 |
| Tools, harness, and sundries | 2,362.93 |
| Leaving streets | 3,562.37 |
| Public buildings | 300.37 |
| Stationery and printing | 65.37 |
| Incidental | 152.87 |
| Total | \$20,251.97 |

The committee on Ordinances reported an amendment to the ordinance requiring all city work done by members of the City Council to be done in competition, and as under the provisions the councilmen are further restricted, it created considerable discussion. The opposition to the ordinance, however, did not appear to be because of the restrictions imposed upon the members of the City Council so much as because only members of the City Council could come under those restrictions, it being the opinion of those who voted against it that other departments, such as the Public School Board, the Board of Firewards, etc., should be included. The amendment was finally passed in concurrence as recommended, the vote standing 9 to 5 in the Common Council and 3 to 2 in the Board of Aldermen.

The report of the Fire Department committee was read and received and upon its recommendation D. B. Fearing and others were given leave to withdraw their petition to have No. 5 Fire Station equipped with permanent men and horses, and a resolution was passed submitting to the tax payers at the October elections a proposition for the appropriation of \$10,000 with which to purchase a site for and to erect a new fire station in the Fifth Ward. A resolution was also passed authorizing the placing of two fire hydrants on Bliss Mine road, at a cost of \$125, and appropriating the money therefor.

The report of the Park Commission was read and received and upon its recommendation a resolution was passed appropriating \$300 for the employment of counsel in securing releases and signatures in connection with the new boulevard.

The monthly report of Street Commissioner Hamilton was read and received, and a report from the Board of Fireward was received and referred to the Highway committee.

A resolution was passed, directing the city treasurer, under the advice of the city solicitor, to begin legal proceedings to compel fulfillment of the contract of the Brubaker Asphalt Company, for laying the pavement on Thames street south of the postoffice, and the contract of the Narragansett Improvement Company, for laying the section between Bridge street and the postoffice.

A resolution was passed, fixing the salary of the mayor for the municipal year next ending at \$1,200, and that of the city treasurer, including all clerical assistance, at \$1,000, the same in each case as during the present year. An application for a renewal of the lease of the bathing beach for five years on the same terms as the present lease, was received from Arthur Emmons as president of Easton's Beach Co.

The following petitions were received and referred to the committee on Streets and Highways, the two first named with power to act; Of Mason R. Jones and others, for an extension of the sewer in Halidon avenue to low water mark, and repairs to the sewer; of William B. Franklin and others, for a sewer in the unsewered portion (about 175 feet) of Division street, between Touro and Mary streets, and of James Brown and others, for a continuation of the work of grading and curbing Connection street which has been ordered by the council but carried out only in part. The petition of Joseph Perry and others, for a gas lamp on Brandt and Evans streets, and of Timothy Abbott and others, for a light on Clinton street, were referred to the committee on Street Lights. The petition of Mrs. Catherine Shantler, for remission of taxes, was referred to the assessor. The petition of F. Helen Anchinolos, asking the acceptance of the sum of \$100 for the perpetual care of the grave of Mary H. Sweet, was referred to the committee on Finance. The petition of L. Townsend Burden and others asking that a properly equipped fire station, with suitable apparatus, be established in the lower part of the city, for the better protection of that section, was referred to the committee on Fire Department.

Gossip.

Dr. William T. Bull gave a pleasant stag party at his summer residence, Dudley Place, on Sunday evening in honor of Dr. J. William White of Philadelphia, the guests being Dr. J. William White, Dr. Clement Cleveland, Dr. Y. Mott Francis, Dr. C. F. Barker, Dr. Thomas A. Kenelick and Mr. Barnes.

Mr. W. Watta Sherman announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Sybil Sherman, to Mr. John Ellis Hoffman of New York.

Struss & Hexter have sold Ottawa, winner of a blue ribbon at the Horse Show, to O. H. P. Belmont for \$3000. Several other sales of prize winners are being arranged.

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Mr. Edward B. Sheldon, owner of the steam yacht Black Pearl, entertained on board Monday afternoon with a tea.

Saturday evening Mrs. Calvin S. Brice entertained at dinner in honor of Hon. and Mrs. E. J. Phelps at "Beauclieu."

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran Vanderbilt gave a picnic at the Portsmouth farm Monday.

Mr. Richard J. Irvin of New York is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Ducl, who occupy Pinard College No. 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuck are guests of Mrs. F. O. French.

Mrs. G. B. DeForest gave a luncheon at Gooseberry Island Monday.

Mrs. Gammel and Mrs. E. J. Berwind entertained at dinner Monday night.

Mrs. F. W. Dickens, wife of Commander Dickens, entertained at dinner Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Astor entertained a large party on board steam yacht Nourmahal Tuesday night.

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R. W. G. Welling has returned to New York.

Mrs. E. A. Tower entertained on board the yacht Zara Tuesday.

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Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant is the guest of Mrs. Potter Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burdon will keep their villa open for a couple of months yet, as will several others, including the "Breakers." Thus with Dame Rumor.

Mrs. E. M. Blackstock, who is occupying "Boothden," intends to remain at her villa until the early part of the winter.

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Mrs. G. M. Hutton entertained at dinner Wednesday evening.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont entertained at dinner Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Lyman C. Joseph entertained at luncheon Tuesday.

Thayer-Simpkins Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Simpkins, a sister of Congressman Simpkins, and Mr. Bayard Thayer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer of Boston, occurred on Wednesday. Miss Simpkins has been a conspicuous figure in many of the leading social gatherings in Boston, Newport, New York and Washington. Mr. Thayer, too, is well known. He is a member of many of the prominent clubs, including the Somerset and Eastern Yacht Clubs, and is the owner of the schooner yacht Constellation, the 30-footer Asahi, which has been racing this summer in New York and Newport waters, and the elegant steam yacht Chetolah.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. C. Alger of Brooklyn, who was for a number of years the family pastor. He was assisted by the Rev. W. H. Mayhew of Yarmouthport. The wedding took place in one of the handsome large parlors of the bride's residence at Yarmouthport, where for some time Leaders of this city has had a large force preparing elaborate decorations for the palatial residence. The bride wore a Worth production of rich white brocade veiled in lace. She also wore some pretty diamond ornaments. Her bouquet, of the choicest lilies of the valley and white orchids, was carried by her 6-year-old nephew, John Simpkins, who was dressed in a pure white suit with blue silk collar.

The maid of honor was Miss Mabel Simpkins, the bride's sister. She also wore an elegant French gown of white tulle and carried a bouquet of white roses. An exceedingly pretty feature was the little children in white dresses holding up the satin ribbons which formed the aisle through which the bride passed. The best man was Mr. Louis Webb of New York.

After a wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Thayer were driven to Hyannisport, where Mr. Thayer's handsome steam yacht was in waiting to take them on their wedding tour. They will then return to Yarmouthport and remain until after Christmas, when they will go to Washington with Congressman Simpkins and Miss Mabel Simpkins for the winter.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Stinson Hazard has rented the lower half of 95 Spring street to Mr. Charles A. Butcher for the owner, Mrs. Ruth A. Sherman.

Stinson Hazard has let on lease to H. B. Danfelson for Constant Smith the store at number 80 Broadway. Mr. Danfelson expects to open his general furnishing store early next month.

M. C. O'Neill has sold at auction a portion of the Benjamin Anthony estate, on Coggeshall avenue, to A. O'D. Taylor.

Stinson Hazard has let on lease for John B. Kimble his cottage and grounds at 5 Mann avenue to Mrs. Mary B. Field of Portsmouth.

DeBlais & Eldridge have rented for George Peabody Wetmore and George L. River, executors of the estate of David King, the Parker cottage on the northerly side of Parker avenue to Mr. William R. Travers for a term of three years. Mr. Travers will shortly return from Europe.

DeBlais & Eldridge have rented for Mrs. P. A. Stockton her cottage on the corner of Bellevue avenue and Bellevue court to Thomas McCabe of New Orleans for the season of 1897. This is the first cottage rental for next season.

Joseph L. Bush has sold to Armistead Hurley a lot, with buildings thereon, on Heath court.

John Foster of Boston has sold to David Kirby, for \$10,000, the estate on Stockholm street containing 1400 sq. ft.

J. W. Horton has sold to F. Augustus Ward one undivided half of the estate on Church street, bounded easterly on land formerly of Ann Cille, northerly on land of William B. Sherman and Anna Pell and westerly on land of Augustus G. Greene.

Mary J. Downs has sold to James H. Downs and wife an estate on Charles street.

The Island Savings Bank has sold, by mortgage sale, to John J. Shea, an estate on Pond avenue.

Mr. James H. Barney has gone to Minneapolis, Minn., to attend the Great San Council of the Great Council of the United States, Improved Order of Red Men.

Historical Notes.

Presented by JAMES C. SWAN.

The General Assembly of Rhode Island met August 14, 1670.

"Voted, upon the presentation of several of the inhabitants of the town of Providence to this present Assembly for the settling of a Garrison, in said town, the Assembly upon serious consideration and debate, do order and declare for the maintaining of the King's interest in this his Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and according to the trust reposed in us by his Majesty, in his gracious charter granted; that one Garrison shall be settled at said town of Providence, consisting of seven men with a commander, which shall make up eight; the said seven men shall have allowed them six shillings a week a man, money pay, and the commander shall have in same specie twelve shillings, all which charge to be paid by the said colony, and the house, the commissioners (hereafter mentioned or the major part of them) shall appoint to be the Garrison house, the owner of that house shall find two men (to make the Garrison complete) and to maintain them at his own account and charge, but in case the appointed Garrison house should be destroyed, or burnt by the enemy (notwithstanding their care and diligence to prevent it), to wit, the two men put in by the owner of the house, shall have allowed them the same satisfaction as the aforesaid seven is allowed, that is to say six shillings per man a week for food and clothing."

The commissioners appointed are, Mr. Roger Williams, Captain Arthur Fenner, William Harris and George Lawton, or a major part of them, who are with all convenient speed desired, and requested to repair to the said Providence, and there take special view of all the Garrison in said Providence, and that Garrison judge most convenient, they are to select to make the Garrison, and to set up and use at the charge of the Colony the King's colors there, and what else Garrison or Garrison shall be set by any belonging to the said town, shall be at their proper cost and charge, and shall be observed and subject to the said King's Garrison. And for the better management of the premises, this Assembly do ordain and constitute Captain Arthur Fenner to be the great Captain, who shall have the command of the said Garrison, and if said Captain hath at any time a desire to remove from said Garrison (or at his pleasure and discretion) he hath hereby given him full power to nominate and appoint another Captain or Lieutenant, in his room, out of the said Garrison aforesaid, who shall have the same power as if appointed by this Assembly. Further to be enacted, that the order that one great Garrison belonging to the owners of the town of Newport, shall be by warrant from the Governor, and ordered to be sent to said Providence, to be placed in the said King's Garrison, with fifty pounds of powder and one hundred weight of lead, which said powder and lead is not to be embroiled up kept for a reserve against a time of need to repulse the enemy.

June 30th 1670, The Assembly called and set.

"Voted, Whereas there was some Indians sent to this Island, by Captain Roger Williams from Providence; this Assembly seriously weighing the matter, do order that the said Indians shall be forthwith sent back again to Providence, judging, they are proper to long to Plymouth, because it is said that they were left as hostages to the English forces of the United Colonies."

"Voted, That the Indian called Potuck, shall not yet be sent away, but be securely secured, and well used until the Governor, Deputy Governor and magistrates, or a major part of them on this Island see cause otherwise to order."

"Voted, Whereas there are several Indians come to the Island of Conanogott, and under a submission to the Governor of this Colony, the consideration and ordering of the matter, concerning those Indians, is referred to the Governor, Deputy Governor and magistrates, or a major part of them."

At a meeting August 7th, 1670.

"Voted, That Captain Andrew Edmunds and his company, shall have the one half of the produce of the thirty-five Indians belonging to them."

"Voted, That what Indian Men or Women able for service that shall be sold by the committee empowered by an act of the Council bearing date the 21st of July, 1670, which said act is hereby confirmed, and those so sold shall serve for the term of nine years only; for notorious persons duly detected or guilty; yet act shall not be such, and in such case the Colony shall bear harmless and indemnify the purchasing person, and all other Indian men, or women, or come in, shall be disposed of as the said Council have ordered."

"Voted, That any person for the future that shall bring in any Indian, or Indians, into this Island, or any other Island in this Colony, without leave and permit from the Governor, or Deputy Governor, or two Assistants, shall forfeit the said Indian or Indians, and the sum of five pounds to be taken by distress, or by a warrant from the Governor, or Deputy Governor, or any Assistant, and the said Indian and money to return to the Treasury of each town, according to the act of the Council aforesaid. Further it is ordered that the persons above said who are to have the half of the produce of the Indians brought to the Island, shall pay to the Treasurer of the Colony, and upon request the said Indians shall be forfeited to the Treasurers of the Island, and to be seized on by a warrant under the hand of the Governor, Deputy Governor or any Assistant so empowered."

The Narragansett Indians made various attempts to repulse themselves of their Country, during this year, but owing to the vigilance of the English, and especially of those of Conanogott, they were compelled to relinquish every attempt. It was exacted that they took the old Queen, or Snake Squaw, of Narragansett, and about one hundred and fifty prisoners.

"Thirty-four Indians were killed on the spot, and ninety more put to death afterwards by their English and Indian conquerors under Captain Talbot."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Titus are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Titus on Broadway.

The schools will open on Tuesday.

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"In Providence the following occurrence took place in August after the death of King Philip. 'August 15, One Chief, an Indian, so called in time of peace, because of his skillfulness against the English, could scarcely come, being wounded some day before, by Providence men. His wounds were corrupted and stank, and because he had been a Ringleader, all the war, to most of the mischiefs to our houses, and cattle, and what English he could, the inhabitants of the town cried out for justice against him, threatening themselves to kill him. If the authorities did not. For which reason, the Captain, Roger Williams, caused the drum to be beat, the Town Council, and Council of War gave sanction, and he was shot to death, to the great satisfaction of the Town. 'We make no comment on the above, only regret that the transaction forms a part of the history of the day."

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Guild of New England Gas Men was held in this city on Thursday. The guests were met on their arrival by the Newport members and driven to the works of the local Gas Company which were thoroughly examined. They afterwards enjoyed a drive to the Life Saving Station where a genuine Rhode Island clam bake was served. The visitors left for their respective homes on the afternoon train. Mr. A. K. Quon received many thanks for the charming entertainment which he planned for the Guild. Among those present from out of town were Messrs. F. W. Thomas, Harry Norton, Walter Addicks, Wm. McKay, C. M. Coburn, C. N. Hinman, Fred Davis and C. S. Waldo, Boston; H. B. Leach, Jas. M. Remington, Taunton; A. B. Slater, Providence; Wm. McGreggor, Pawtucket; C. S. Spaulding, Wakefield; Fred Norton, Nashua; I. N. Stanley, Brooklyn; Z. M. Jenks, Woonsocket; C. D. Lamson, Worcester; C. F. Pritchard, Lynn; Wm. Anderson, East Boston; N. Gifford, Gro. R. Stinson, New Bedford; J. A. Coffin, Gloucester; Walter Africa, Manchester; F. C. Schromm, New Haven; Henry Atwood Plymouth; Thos. Heuse, Chelsea; and W. L. Church, Connecticut.

Perry's Victory.

Next Thursday will be the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's great victory, and Cleveland, Ohio, is preparing to honor the occasion with a grand celebration in which Governor Lippitt and staff, Congressman Bull, and others from this state are expected to participate. There will probably be no public demonstration in Newport. Mr. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, grand nephew of the hero, will celebrate the occasion in some fitting manner at "Beauclieu." A flag will fly from the public buildings throughout the day, and in the evening the Lawrence Club, which is named after Commodore Perry's flagship, and the Moll, in front of the Perry statue, will be illuminated. The last of this season's hand concerts, too, will be given that evening on the Mall.

THE SIN OF HAGAR

By HELEN MATTHEWS,
Author of "Cherry Ripe," "Comin' Thro'
the Rye," "My Lady Green Steves,"
"The Lovely Malinconic," Etc.

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tion.

CHAPTER I.

Under an early morning sky beside that ocean to which the heart of man leaps instinctively, perchance as symbolizing in its glorious freedom that which he longs to, but never can, be a man and girl were walking, absolutely blind and insensible to the heavenly influences around them, though the causes for their indifference were wide as poles asunder.

The man was a scientist, too wholly engrossed in a subject, that, sleeping and waking, never left his consciousness to be aware of his body at all or of any agreeable sensations affecting that body; the other because with all the strong, sweet influences of life crying out to her, she was forced to gaze only on her own heart with its seething revolt, its impotent horror thrust back upon itself, to endure all the degradation, the horror of an existence that did not belong to itself, but was sacrificed, quick and quivering, on the altar of discovery.

A distant clock struck the hour of 7. The girl lifted her face for a moment to the pale sky, recreated over again for her, for every one of us, each day, and at the same moment there burst upon them round the corner of the cliffs something also new, in blood, in heart, in pure joyfulness and rainbow glory of love—two young lovers, arm in arm and breathing untroubled bliss from top to toe.

"Fools," muttered the scientist as the pair, like a bunch of swart crimson roses dividing dry, fleshless bones, passed before his daughter and himself, but the girl stood still to look back, as she always did when she met the handsome young pair of lovers.

Irresponsible, gay, chattering to the ocean, just as you will see two mites, wholly engrossed with one another, start off intent upon some delicious childish game forbidden by their elders, they were apparently getting fast out of sight, as usual, when one of them stopped, and she, too, looked back at the figure at the corner of the cliffs, which turned and hurried after the young man who had not even missed her.

"Ob, Willie!" cried the younger of the frivolous ones, turning pale, an image of thoughtless youth who has looked in the face of old age as in a mirror and is affronted at the reflection.

"Why didn't we turn back sooner? He traces the blood in my veins. Colorado must have had just such a man as that in his mind when he described his 'Ancient Mariner,' and, oh, that poor, poor girl!"

Will Cassilis took prompt advantage of that corner of the cliff, which had proved at once the opportunity and discovery of more than one pair of lovers, and kissed her warm again before he said:

"The man is ill, probably dying, and I wish he had chosen any other place to die in, as he seems to affect you in an extraordinary way."

"He will never die," cried Nanette. "He was never born, he is nothing human, though what he is no one knows. Don't you see the fisher people shrink and turn pale when he passes by? He just looks at them with those awful eyes, and their bodies shiver on ordinary life is suspended, and some horrible unknown influence takes its place when he is near. You have felt it yourself, Willie, only you are obstinate and will not own it."

"You see he is old," said Will decidedly, "and we are young. It's a trophy of the muscles, of heart, of everything, and of course we don't understand it. It must be awful to be like that—awful!"

He stretched his long athletic limbs in all the rejoicing strength of five and twenty, and keen, alert, swift footed, he looked a lover to be reckoned with and outstripped with difficulty as he took his sweetheart's face in both hands and squeezed it up together so as to kiss as much of it all at once as he possibly could.

It was one of those kissable little faces of which the loveliness struck one first and the beauty after, with something, too, of the winning and pathetic trustfulness of a child, as she stood on tiptoe with one hand on his shoulder. It sometimes troubled him, this pathetic look, but she always explained it by saying that beside him she was so very, very happy!

"Nannie, Nannie," he said ruefully, "make haste and grow old! Only 16 last birthday, and the chief won't even listen to me for another year. I shall be an old man by that time, and some one else will have carried you off, perhaps that brute Trelawny, who has stalked you from infancy. Who knows?"

"Willie," she said irrelevantly, "now can you call me even good looking after that girl who has just passed by? And you know I always hated black men."

"Darling!" he cried rapturously, "And Trelawny is black, and I detest those tall women with grand, uncomfortable faces, who want to make you live with them on a decreed old hilltop and if, as you say, she has never known an hour's happiness it would take a fellow far too long to teach her. No, thank you, Nannie! I want my own, dear, sweet little Titania. No one else."

"Just you wait, sir," she said, nodding ferociously, "for I haven't done growing yet, Willie! For they had come within eight of what west by the name of the parade at Chudleigh Salterton, and a young man's white flannel arms might be discerned at a considerable distance if enveloping a blue cambric gown."

But it was quite early yet, and Lord Stranbenzee's valet was only just carrying in his master's shaving water and opening the green jalousies of the queer little house that looked on the sea and stood back from the road with a rustic air, suggesting a desire for privacy on the part of its owner, which in this instance was perfectly correct.

"Do you think I might venture to come in to breakfast?" inquired Will anxiously as he and Nannie slowly advanced. "Very slowly—advanced. I haven't called upon since the day before yesterday, and there's a cricket match on today, which makes a capital excuse."

"O'clock in the morning," you silly boy," said Nannie rebukingly, "and father won't stand much. He doesn't swallow your story about coming down to Eldmouth to nurse an old friend!"

"If only the chief had stopped here," grumbled Will. "He must needs leave that jolly old Knowles hotel—such walks there, Nannie, for lovers—and come over to this hole, where there is not even a railway, to bury himself and you. And I do waste such lots of time in a boat that I might be spending with you—good for my muscles, I say, but very bad for my heart!"

"I think the golf mania drove father away," said Nannie, laughing. "There used to be no links there, you know, and some people grumbled and actually declared it was dull!"

"I heard a capital golf story today," said Will, "about a Scotch minister who was deprecating to a friend the tendency of the game to produce hasty language, and he concluded by saying, 'I had to give it up in consequence.'"

"What, golf?"

"No, not the meekness!"

Both young people burst out into a peal of laughter, then remembered and held their hands over their mouths, giving themselves up for lost as a head appeared in Lord Stranbenzee's window.

"It is only Coleman," said Will reassuringly.

"But it might have been father. Now go, Willie, before we are caught, and if you keep your eyes open during the morning we may get half an hour together later on, and you must be so hungry, poor boy!"

Behind the umbrella that bobbed responsive they clung and kissed and parted. Lord Stranbenzee was a witness to that parting. He thought of ostentatious and smiled.

Going back by the way he had come, having first watched the light of his eyes into the house, Will Cassilis met the strange pair who had so greatly exercised the mind of Chudleigh Salterton, and he looked at them both keenly, inquiringly, as a young man who is afraid of nothing looks at something entirely outside his own interests that is yet interesting. That cool, masculine look to which some women joyfully submit, which is to others only the arrogant recognition by a man of their own absolute helplessness and stultification, struck like a quiver of light the dark, stagnant pool of the girl's heart and stirred its depths strangely.

A faint tinge of color came to her cheek; the lagging step rose elastic; she looked at them both keenly.

He looked at them both keenly, somehow the sky, the sea, spoke to her, glorious voices, and for the first time it came home to her how priceless, no matter under what condition, is the boon of existence. For years she had prayed passionately for death, for its peace and loveliness—the shining reverse of that shield which had shrouded her black as night—for to her life was death and death life. She came back with a start to herself as Will disappeared, and the silvery radiance was plunged in darkness as her father's voice said:

"At 2, Hagar; be ready by 3. The woman does not return till tomorrow morning. There will be no interruption this time."

She turned her head away, and her face was gray. No, there was no one to interrupt. No one in earth or heaven.

CHAPTER II.

Coleman had seen that the long narrow oak table, as fastidiously covered with fine linen, old silver and delicate china as for shooting or hunting breakfast at Stranbenzee, was drawn close to the open window, and that there were roses for Nannie, placed so as not to interfere with those consummate breakfast dishes that it was the triumph of the chef, in spite of his meager surroundings, to produce for his master each day.

Nannie liked the roses best, naturally, and her father, who had by slow degrees come to regard the inevitable drawbacks of existence, such as death, age, illness and so on, as matters by no means intended to interfere with the ordinary routine of daily life, enjoyed his breakfast thoroughly and remarked, with satisfaction, that the day promised to be a glorious one.

If he had not himself seen Nannie's parting with Will Cassilis, her straw hat lying on a chair near would have announced an early morning stroll, and young maidens are seldom known to rise early in the morning to walk alone, or young men either for the matter of that.

He had seen other fathers bring up their daughters for other men's delectation and their sons to love strangers better than the mothers who reared them, and he did not expect his own daughter to turn out an abnormal person, nor did he wish it.

To quote the significant Japanese proverb which advises you to sweep the snow from your own doorstep and leave your neighbors' tiles alone, he found it enough to do to manage and control his own life without interfering with the just rights of others, and personally he liked Will Cassilis, who was one of the best fellows and had one of the best places in the county, but he did object to Nannie, who was a schoolgirl yet, trying herself up before she knew her own mind, even if Will thought he knew his. Ambition could not possibly dwell in the mind of a man who had lived all his life in his own estate, knew his own tenants and neighbors well, and, while acknowledging strangers, loved those old friends in his library who were ever at his beck and call. If his health did not always equal his capacity for enjoyment, what then? He

could still admire those treasures of nature that were any beggar's as well as his, he could feel all human worries slip from him as he looked at the stars, he could thank God if he got a whole night's quiet sleep and feel the youth in him renewed over and over again in the turmoil of each year's spring.

And therefore, while he enjoyed his breakfast, he knew exactly of what Nannie was thinking, and when their eyes met he smiled, and she was happy.

He was very fond of her, but he had suffered severely once, and he knew his own capacities and would never give himself the chance of suffering to the same extent again.

Nor daughter, nor friend, nor horse, nor dog should ever become indispensable to his happiness, and if he were a philosopher he alone knew at what cost his philosophy had been gained, and meant to hold fast by the fruits of it. Yet there were moments when he feared for Nannie. She was so gentle, malleable to be turned this way or that, according to the whim of the person who molded her, one could not help praying that she might fall into the right hands, and were Will Cassilis' young, strong ones clever enough? Trelawny's would have been strong enough and clever, but kind? It was the fear of a Trelawny that had made a Cassilis so amiable and possible, and it was by no means to stop the lovers' meetings that Lord Stranbenzee had come to this sleepy corner, which you could not even get at save by coach or boat, so completely out of the world was it.

Sidmouth, with its golf links, its music, its summer air of fashion spilling that delicious air of coolness which spreads through its valleys on the hottest days, just as warm winds do it through the long winter, had offended Lord Stranbenzee's ideas of privacy, and the little sleepy, sheltered house, blinking in the twilight, marked "To Let," had taken his fancy when he had been roved over one summer's afternoon, and very quietly he had taken possession of it, greatly to Will's disgust.

Chudleigh Salterton might perhaps have been impressed by the honor conferred upon it, but that there is a delicacy of ignorance which is beyond being impressed, and save that he was a lord and of course not bound by any common laws, he and his were accepted as a matter of course, and troubled about by nobody with one exception.

The man who had chosen this place as being the very end of the earth displayed an alarm and uneasiness at sight of the newcomers, curious to see what a person, who was supposed to dwell in his books, and after the first accidental meeting he walked with his daughter at hours when he knew he should not come across Lord Stranbenzee, though the lovers seemed perpetually to spring up in their path.

"So there is a cricket match today," said Lord Stranbenzee as he sat at his last strawberry, for, like most gentlemen, he never touched fruit save at breakfast.

"Is Cassilis playing?" he added, looking out of the window.

"I believe not, father," said Nannie, feeling that this was indeed going to be a fine day and that if it might not be impossible, after all, for Willie to pay an afternoon call and be asked to stay to dinner—and time was getting so dreadfully short for them now!

It was late August, and early in September, Nannie, otherwise Annabella, and a few other five syllabled names, according to her baptismal register, would return to the elegant obscurity of school and Will Cassilis to the pursuit of partridges and other occupations dear to that right minded man who believes that God, in giving one life only, meant that life to be spent entirely in the country.

Half an hour later Coleman had established his master comfortably on the beach, and Nannie, after looking about to see whether circles, had at last made a looker like, rounded the cliff and vanished.

For a very considerable time part of Will's straw hat had been plainly visible, peeping round the corner of that cliff, it being a delusion with most lovers that they are invisible to the enemy as they desire themselves to be, and Nannie's father sighed as he laid down his book, for in it were peace, consolation—but not the heaven that Nannie had that moment found in Willie. After all, why should they not marry now, their characters growing like to like, welding one into the other, with love at its freshest and strongest, enjoying their best years together, instead of looking back upon them some day wistfully, as the very springtime of their lives is spent?

She was only 16, but her mother had been as young before her when she had run away with Charles, Lord Stranbenzee, and she had never repented it. That she had died young and was passionately loved was only another proof of her great good luck, though for Nannie perhaps it was ill. Who should say? For there are times when a woman child wants her mother badly.

Perhaps if Nannie had come back then, bringing Will, and they had pleaded their cause well, they would have won him over, but some one else came instead, a man with a dark foreign face, who passed rapidly over the single, pressed a small boat into the sea and pulled swiftly away.

He was young, he was handsome, but his face was stamped with so awful a look of hate that you knew instinctively he came straight from some scene that had violently wrecked in him all his best passions and seemed in such violent haste to be gone that in a very short time he had passed out of sight round the cliff.

He had scarcely disappeared when the girl in whom Nannie had taken so great an interest appeared, walking slowly, and passing within a few feet of Lord Stranbenzee's set down close to the water, at a little distance, apparently unconscious of his neighbor's shock.

There is no all age type of woman whom you may call Mary or Magdalen, which you will, but without being able perhaps to tell the color of her hair or the formation of her features she will instantly satisfy some divine craving for beauty to you, and you will ask no more than to gaze and gaze again, forgetting that—

"The world has done her duty."

Looking at the outline of the face raised on the cliff's edge, Nannie, Lord

Stranbenzee felt a sudden pity move him, for which his sense of the beautiful was distinctly responsible, and he no longer wondered at Nannie's keen interest in and admiration for her.

"Such a woman in such a place!" he said to himself, and the man in the boat was his lover, of course, and she had sent him away, and now she was sorry, after the manner of women, and then he saw Coleman coming, who, treading delicately over the pebbles that were one of the passing misfortunes of an excellent situation, and, with no horrible town cries of murder, blandly announced it.

"In case you might hear it accidentally, my lord," he said, "I came to tell you that there has been a shocking occurrence in the place. The person whom they call the wizard here has been found dead, strangled as he sat at table in his chair. The daughter"—Coleman looked significantly across to the motionless figure—"is not yet aware of the occurrence."

"And, pray, how came you to know it?" inquired his master sharply and feeling keenly the extreme inconsiderateness of Providence in directing the spirit of murder to this rural spot, which he had selected on account of its apparent retirement from all human excitements, whether of joy or woe.

"I was passing the very door, my lord, when a woman rushed out. I understood she was a charwoman who had forgotten something and went back against orders, and she found him dead. I saw the body and came it once to tell you."

"And who is to tell her?" said his master, pointing to the girl. "No! stop!" he cried as the man, with all the instincts of his class, was moving eagerly toward her. "I'll tell her myself," and up he got, to Coleman's unmitigated amazement.

The girl heard steps at hand and looked up to see a kind, stocky little man standing opposite her and raising his hat.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said, then passed. "I have bad news for you," he went on gently, firmly. "Your father is dead."

"Dead!" Her white lips repeated the words, her arms fell to her sides; then, like a wild thing, she leaped up, as if in the release of an awful burden she would spring clean away from its very memory and leave earth far behind her. "Free!" she cried. "O my God, free!"

Nannie and Will came running, people were beginning to gather, down from the cottage on the hillside to the sleepy town the news had trickled, and on the blazing shore beside that ocean to which the heart of men leaps instinctively, as symbolizing a glorious freedom, stood that white creature looking upward, and with almost fatalistic exultation shouting out, "Free! free!"

"Oh, father," cried Nannie piteously, "let us take her home!"

And there they took her. Not up the climbing stair planted with fuchsia that led to the moor and ran past the burnt cottage where the wizard sat at his table, his brain frozen forever in its last thought, good or evil, but to the rich man's house where all the worst life of life are blunted and turned aside by the sword of wealth.

But Will Cassilis followed gloomily and apart. This was Nannie's threshold, Nannie's home, and instinct gave him a sure, clear warning that in admitting this unknown woman to his house Lord Stranbenzee was making a terrible mistake.

CHAPTER III.

It was not so long ago that the vicar of Chudleigh Salterton on saints' days that were also hunting mornings would read prayers with his surplice thrown over his pink coat and his spurs and booted feet in full evidence, but no more ever thought a pin the worse of him, and we may be sure that neither the quality of his life nor his sermons was

impaired by the beautiful exercise on dear to his soul.

The only doctor now in the place, to its honor and glory, was also a relic of bygone times, who in summer wore white kid shoes and a cantuway frock coat, and when he made professional visits at a distance always rode on horseback with his only daughter mounted on a pillion behind him.

She minded the horse while he went within, and thus with great simplicity he combined economy, health and affection, and many a pleasant hour did the two little bodies spend jogging along the Devonshire lanes, or climbing the hogbacked hills, even enjoying now and again a springy gallop across the ling and heather of the all embracing, glorious Matter's moor.

He was abroad on one of these pleasant expeditions when sent for to the scene of murder, and when he arrived the police were in possession of the place, if the sole custodian of the Chudleigh Salterton safety, as represented by a ruddy faced and frightened young man, could be so designated.

The little garden, choked with summer flowers, was crowded with people, who pushed each other away to look through the window at the dead man huddled up in his chair, his open eyes staring out straight before him with a curious blending of mockery and surprise overriding the physical agony of his death.

He had been taken at a disadvantage, the peculiar shape of the chair holding him down as in a trap, so that once seized he had found it impossible to rise, and he had evidently been reading when Newman came up with him, for a French book lay open at his elbow, and the table was heaped with others, while the only furniture in the room consisted of a long, peculiarly shaped couch and a shelf laden with what looked like the chemical contents of a laboratory.

The little doctor looked at the man and shook his head. It was a case of strangulation, of course, but the marks were so slight as to suggest that heart failure had set in before the murderer had half done his work, but the inquest, of course, would decide that point.

He heard all the frightened policemen had to say, which was little; and the churchyard, which was much, but nothing in the least relevant to the case save that the poor woman had left a letter behind her when she went away that morning, and though forbidden to enter same at stated hours had stolen in to look at it, and through the window saw the old gentleman—but here came hysterics and a full endorsement of the situation, so she was promptly suppressed and led away weeping.

"Where is the young lady?" said Dr. Martin.

A chorus of voices came from the window. "She do be with the great lord, she be, and she says she's glad!"

Dr. Martin shrugged. There was something eerie, horrible even, in the room and its belongings that he could not fathom. . . . Does indeed the earth, the air record secrets that, close hidden, were best left unrevealed?

He lifted a book from the table and glanced at its subject, at another and another. They were all the same. The name written upon each was Silas Gregorides.

He investigated the contents of the shelf, glanced at the couch, shook his head, and if he had been a Roman Catholic would have crossed himself. As it was, the color in his healthy old face paled, and he muttered "Victim" under his breath as he turned to the door.

"I'll see to the coroner, and so on," he said to the young policeman, "and send some woman in. You've wired to Sidmouth? Quite right. I'm going down now to Miss Gregorides."

He stambled a little over the name, for he had never heard it before. In the place the strange pair were known only as the wizard and his daughter, and the very laundress, who was paid week by week in advance, was as ignorant as the rest of who his tenants were.

They received no visitors, no visitors, save the single one who had come and gone in such haste that day. The stranger had been seen by a great many people, as a chance of soft Devonshire tongues hastened to inform the doctor when he issued from the door, and they all thought he had come after the poor young lady, but she was not, and he didn't stop half an hour.

Spends of quarrelling had been heard, but not very loud, and Dr. Gregorides' voice had not even been raised, and then out the young man had rushed and down the steep path he had gone.

The little doctor put them all by and went slowly down, the royal blue of the sea seeming to rise up to meet him as he descended.

Strange, but he felt none of the shock, the revolt against the murderer that he ought to feel, no pity for the murdered man, whose evil perchance had ceased with him, leaving the young shoots of a fresh life free to spring and thrive, now his halcyon shadow was removed.

To the man who lives in constant and loving companionship with nature there is always something pitiful in the sight of one who shuts himself closely up with dead men's thoughts, however noble, for sole company, and one can but think of that great one who had a library indeed, but "studied in the fields," as his little maid said when she showed the way to a visitor.

And what had this murdered man done? Devoted his life to the study of matters not meant of God to be meddled with by man, and God had punished him in his own way, before a girl's soul had been stamped out of all likeness to her Creator and another life sacrificed to the Moloch of science.

He had never spoken to Miss Gregorides in his life—only pitied her, as for his, happy lives pitted against, thwarted one, but now as he crossed the little lawn and saw Lord Stranbenzee at the window he rejoiced in her having found so powerful a friend and presently told him so.

They walked up and down the lawn together, two simple minded, contented English gentlemen, who thought alike on a great many points, while Will Cassilis, chafing, wondered if Nannie would never come down, and forswore the last state of their senseless junketings would be infinitely worse than the first.

"I should like to see her," Dr. Martin was saying. "Of course the shock must be very great."

"I don't think so. She has the courage to say she is glad. I hate a hypocrite. And I have my own ideas about these things, and I don't think the mere fact of blood relationship entitles a person to love or respect if he has forfeited all his rights to it. Of course I am quite in ignorance as to the real facts of the case. They are utter strangers to me."

"Have you any theory?" inquired the doctor.

"None, save that from his appearance he was a fanatic and obviously made wretched the person who depended on him for happiness. Who knows but he was hurried to his last account by another person to whom he had done unspeakable wrong and injury? The man I saw did not look capable of a cowardly crime, yet—"

"You saw him?" exclaimed Dr. Martin, greatly surprised.

"Yes, I could swear to him anywhere. He pushed off not more than a few yards from where I was sitting. But to catch him is by no means easy—he may put in at Otterton, or Beer, even at Sidmouth, and with all these hours' start will probably get away. After all," he added with a certain grim humor, "I might as well have staid at Sidmouth."

A footman at this moment appeared. (Continued on page three.)

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"None, save that from his appearance he was a fanatic and obviously made wretched the person who depended on him for happiness. Who knows but he was hurried to his last account by another person to whom he had done unspeakable wrong and injury? The man I saw did not look capable of a cowardly crime, yet—"

"You saw him?" exclaimed Dr. Martin, greatly surprised.

"Yes, I could swear to him anywhere. He pushed off not more than a few yards from where I was sitting. But to catch him is by no means easy—he may put in at Otterton, or Beer, even at Sidmouth, and with all these hours' start will probably get away. After all," he added with a certain grim humor, "I might as well have staid at Sidmouth."

A footman at this moment appeared. (Continued on page three.)

ation, so she was promptly suppressed and led away weeping.

"Where is the young lady?" said Dr. Martin.

A chorus of voices came from the window. "She do be with the great lord, she be, and she says she's glad!"

Dr. Martin shrugged. There was something eerie, horrible even,

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EUGENE FIELD'S HOME.

His Many Quaint Clocks and His Library

of Rare Books.

One should not always judge a man

by his house, but in the case of Eugene

Field it seemed as if his house were a

part of him. It is an old fashioned two

story farmhouse with a wide porch, to

which has been added a large circular

wing with an outside chimney such as

the southerners love. As you enter the

hall you notice an elaborately orna-

mented old English tall clock of the

kind usually known in this country as

"grandfather's clock." It is one of

three such clocks in the house; a second

stands on a stair landing, after the

manner of Longfellow's "Old Clock on

the Stair," and a third was in Eugene

Field's sleeping room. The last one has

a going in it like a country dinner bell

and chimes the hour with a loud metallic

ring.

In the same room he had a "freak

clock" made entirely of wood, that ticks

like a hammer striking hard wood. In

the library there is a quaint little one

made with a sawcase—a wee boy and

girl sitting upon a log to regulate the

pendulum. This is a very well behaved

little piece of mechanism, as it makes

no noise and is really pretty. Contrasted

with it, standing near Field's writing

table, is a plain New England kitchen

clock such as our grandmothers used in

their light airy kitchens. It is a mod-

est sized affair of mahogany with a

glass door, on the lower half of which

are painted impossible red roses and

forget-me-nots. It is a good old domestic

clock, and went on faithfully ticking

away when the others were cranky and

would not keep the time regularly.

As you enter the house the library is

on the left hand. All around the walls

of the room are bookcases. Suppose we

look at the case beyond the window,

which might be called the fairy corner.

Here are gathered books of fairy lore

from all parts of the world, for there

was hardly an old booklover in London,

Paris or Berlin who Mr. Field did not

know well. In this wonderful fairy

corner are Cossack fairy tales, eastern

fairy tales, legends of the French provinces,

legends of Ireland, Norway, Germany,

Spain, New England and all the modern

English fairy stories—Mary J. Reid

and Henrietta Dexter Field in St. Nich-

olas.

THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

Some of the Curious and Uncommon

Uses to Which It Is Put.

Incandescent electric lights are used

to illuminate the eyes of nocturnal ani-

mals—bears, tigers and lions—shown by

funerals. Here obviously a light with a

flame would not do, while the incandes-

cent light answers the purpose well and

conveniently. The wire is run from the

head down through the animal's body

and out through one of its feet to a con-

nection with the service wire of the

store.

Incandescent lights are used in refrig-

erators, such as the iceboxes of the

wholesale dealer in cut flowers and the

butcher. Their use in sidewalk show

cases is familiar; in dressing shop win-

dows the flexible connection admits of

placing the light where it is wanted

with each new trimming of the window.

They are used in electric signs, some

of which are permanent, while others

are formed of letters that are movable,

like types, so that the sign can be read-

ily changed as often as may be desired.

Electric numbers are made in the same

way.

One may see a painter at work at

night in a store, paint brush in one

hand and electric light—with the wire

trailing away back of him—in the

other, to enable him to see the better in

some nook or cranny that he is painting.

The incandescent lamp is used to

light sidewalk awnings. The lamps are

strung along a wire hung under the

ridge pole inside the awning. The wire

and lamps are simply taken in when the

awning is down. Movable billboards are

illuminated in the same manner.—New

York Sun.

Queer Salt.

In Lapland they have no salt, and the

bark of the fir tree is used as a substi-

tute. The Lapps peel the bark from the

trunk of the tree, carefully remove the

epidermis, and then divide the inner

bark into quite a number of very thin

layers.

During the brief but extremely hot

Lapland summer the layers are exposed

to the sun until thoroughly dried; then

they are torn into narrow

